

SONS OF NORWAY SONGS

For Community Singing

Including Norwegian songs with original texts as well as singable English translations, also National Anthems, Christmas Songs, and popular American songs



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(Music to all the Norwegian songs here printed will be found in "Sons of Norway Song Book." Price \$2.50.)

NIDELVEN

Verse:

Langt i det fjaerne, bak fjellene blå
ligger et sted jeg har kjaer,
dit mine tanker og drømmer vil gå.
alltid du er meg så naer.

Chorus:

Nidelven stille og vakker du er
her hvor jeg går og drømmer
drømmer om henne jeg hadde så kjaer,
Nu er det bare minner.
Den gamle bybro er lykkens portal,
sammen vi seiler i stjerners koral.
Nidelven stille og vakker du er,
her hvor jeg går og drømmer.

The National Anthem of the United States of America

(Music page 3 Sons of Norway Song Book)

O say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare,
The bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say does that star spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with vic'try and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then, conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Francis Scott Key

America

(Music page 4 Sons of Norway Song Book)

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel F. Smith

O Canada

(Music page 5 Sons of Norway Song Book)

O Canada! Our home and native land!
True patriot love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise
The True North strong and free;
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee!

Chorus:

O Canada! Glorious and free!
We stand on guard,
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! Where pines and maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow,
How dear to us thy broad domain,
From East to Western sea!
Thou land of hope for all who toil!
Thou True North strong and free!

Chorus.

O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise,
To keep thee steadfast through the years
From East to Western sea.
Our own beloved native land,
Our True North strong and free.

Chorus.

R. Stanley Weir, D.C.L.

Canadian National Hymn

(Music page 4 Sons of Norway Song Book)

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice:
God save the King.

(Canadian stanza by the Rev. Robert Murray)

Our loved Dominion bless
With peace and happiness
From shore to shore;
And let our Empire be
United, loyal, free,
True to herself and Thee
For evermore.

Sønner av Norge

(Music page 1 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Sønner av Norge, det eldgamle rike,
sjunger til harpens den festlige klang!
Mandig og høitidsfullt tonen la stige,
fedrene-landet innvies vår sang!
Fedreneminner herlig opprinner
hvergang vi nevner vår fedrenestavn.
Svulmende hjerter og glødende kinner
hylle det elskte, det hellige navn.

Oldtid! du svant, men din hellige flamme
blusser i nordmannens hjerte ennu;
enn er av ætt og av kraft han den samme,
enn står til frihet og ære hans hu.
Og når han kveder Norriges heder,
svulmer hans hjerte av stolthet og lyst;
ham er selv sydens de yndigste steder
intet mot Norriges snedekte kyst.

H. A. Bjerregaard

Fedrelandssang

(Music page 6 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Ja, vi elsker dette landet,
som det stiger frem
furet, værbit over vannet
med de tusen hjem,
elsker, elsker det og tenker
på vår far og mor
||: og den saganatt som senker
drømme på vår jord. :||

Norske mann i hus og hytte,
takk din store Gud!
Landet ville han beskytte,
skjønt det mørkt så ut.
Alt hva fedrene har kjempet,
mødrene har grett,
||: har den Herre stille lempet,
så vi vant vår rett. :||

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

Vårt Land

(Music page 9 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Vårt land, vårt land, vårt fosterland,
ljød høgt o dyra ord!
Ej lyfts en höjd mot himlens rand,
ej sänks en dal, ej sköljs en strand,
mer älskad än vår bygd i nord,
än våra fäders jord.

Vårt land är fattigt, skall så bli
for dem som gull begär.
En främling far oss stolt forbi;
men detta landet älska vi.
För oss med moar, fjäll och skär
et gull-land dock det är.

J. L. Runeberg

O Sons of Norway

(Music page 1 Sons of Norway Song Book)

O sons of Norway, that old, sturdy nation,
Sing with the harp now a true festive song!
Sing to your country, yes, sing with elation,
Lift up your voices, rejoice and be strong.
Forefathers' story looms up in glory
Now when the nations thy greatness proclaim.
Humble, perhaps, yet as hallow'd as hoary
Proudly we honor and worship thy name.

Gone is that day, but its light blazes ever
Holy and clear in each Norseman's brave heart;
Of the same race, the same strength and
endeavor,

Freedom and right from his thoughts never part.
So when in writing, bravery reciting,
Proud in his heart of old Norway's rich lore.
Joys of the Southlands are far less inviting
Than his own snow-covered, mountainous shore.

Olaf Morgan Norlie

Norway's National Anthem

(Music page 6 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Yes, we love this land of ours
As with mountain domes,
Stormlash'd o'er the sea it towers
With the thousand homes,
Love it dearly, ever thinking
Of our fathers' strife
||: And the land of Saga sinking,
Dreams upon our life. :||

Norsemen, in whatever station,
Thank your mighty God;
He has kindly saved our nation
From oppression's rod.
That for which our sires contended
And our mothers wailed,
||: Silently the Lord defended,
So our rights prevailed. :||

O. O. Lien

Our Native Land

(Music page 9 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Our land, our land, our native land,
O precious word ring forth!
No lofty mount, majestic, grand,
No deep down dale, no sea-washed strand,
Was e'er more loved, nor deemed more worth,
Than our own land up North.

Our land is poor, and shall be, too,
For those who gold desire;
Proud strangers look at us askew,
But we, we love this land, we do—
To us, our cliffs, and fields, and mire,
Are gold for son and sire.

O. M. Nordlie

Du gamla, du fria

(Music page 7 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Du gamla, du fria, du fjällhöga Nord!
Du tysta, du glädjrika sköna!
Jag hälsar dig, vänaste land uppå jord;
||: din sol, din himmel, dina ängder gröna. :||

Du tronar på minnen från fornstora dar,
då ärat ditt namn flög
över jorden.
Jag vet att du är och du blir hvad du var;
||: ja, jag vill leva, jag vill dö i Norden. :||

Der er et yndigt Land

(Music page 8 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Der er et yndigt Land,
det staar med brede Bøge
nær salten Østerstrand,
nær salten Østerstrand.
Det bugter sig i Bakke, Dal,
det heder gamle Danmark,
og det er Freias Sal,
og det er Freias Sal!

Det Land endnu er skjønt;
thi blaa sig Søen belter,
og Løvet staar saa grønt,
og Løvet staar saa grønt.
Og ædle Kvinder, skønne Møer
og Mænd og raske Svende
bebo de Danskes Øer,
bebo de Danskes Øer.

Adam Oehlenschläger

Barndomsminne frå Nordland

(Music page 16 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Å eg veit meg eit land langt deruppe mot nord
med ei lysande strand millom høgfjell og fjord.
Der eg gjerne er gjest, der mitt hjarta er fest
med dei finaste, finaste band.
||: Å eg minnest, å eg minnest,
å eg minnest so væl dette land! :||

Denne heim er meg kjær som den beste på jord.
Han mitt hjarta er nær, denne fjetrande fjord,
og det målande fjell og den strålande kveld,
hugen leikar, den leikar på deim.
||: Å eg minnest, å eg minnest,
å eg minnest so væl denne heim! :||

Elias Blix

O Glorious Land of the North

(Music page 7 Sons of Norway Song Book)

O glorious mountain-crowned land of the North,
Thou quiet, thou joyous land, I love thee.
I hail thee as fairest of lands on this earth,
||: Thy meadows green, the sun in heav'n above thee. :||

Thy throne is the mem'ry of great days of yore,
When all thro' the world thy name was carried.
Thou art this, I know, the same as of old.
||: In thee I'll live, in thee I'll die, thou North Land. :||

There Is a Beauteous Land

(Music page 8 Sons of Norway Song Book)

There is a beauteous land
With proud and stately forests
Near salty eastern strand,
Near salty eastern strand,
Has hills and vales with maples tall;
Its name is good old Denmark,
And this is Freya's hall,
And this is Freya's hall.

Its beauty still is seen.
The blue sea has it girdled.
The leafage stands so green,
The leafage stands so green.
And noble women, maidens fair,
And men, and sturdy laddies
Dwell on the Danes' old isles,
Dwell on the Danes' old isles.

Carl G. O. Hansen

The Lands of My Love

(Music page 16 Sons of Norway Song Book)

To a land way up north oft my fancy takes flight,
Viewing mountain and fjord and the bright summer night.
There my forebears have dwelt, there in prayer they have knelt,
And have toiled in the sweat of their brow.
||: But I love it, yes I love it,
Yes I love it because it is theirs. :||

Here's a land of great beauty so vast and so wide,
Where millions found refuge and now abide.
Here does liberty sway and progress has play.
'Tis the land of my Star Spangled pride.
||: And I love it, yes I love it,
Yes I love it because it is mine! :||

Carl G. O. Hansen

Vi er et folk

(Music page 10 Sons of Norway Song Book)
(For Initiation)

Vi er et folk, vi fant et hjem,
nu slår vi rot i landet.
I kappedyst vi stevner frem,
så kvast som noe annet.
Vi kom fra nordens sne og is,
vi ventet intet paradys;
vi vil på ekte nordmanns vis
stå æresvakt om landet.

Hvor nordmenn før i verden fant
et land der godt ham huet.
For det hans blod så ofte rant,
og ingen makt ham kuet.
På Englands jord, på Irlands kyst
han vågede så mangelen dyst;
han Nordmandi i fred fikk lyst,
mens rundt omkring det truet.

Vi er det største viking kull
som tusenåret fødte.
Vi strøk da stuen ble for full,
mor ingen fra seg støtte.
Den slektens arv som vi tok med
den odlet var i krig og fred,
i hungersår, ved tro, ved sved,
da Eidsvolltinget møtte.

Ja, måtte vi i språk og tro
ved neste sekel møtes,
og måtte norskhet setse gro
og nordmenns hjerter glødes,
så Haralds tanke, Olavs sak,
må bære vårt og Norges flagg,
så utav Eidsvollsminnets dag
til større dåd vi fødtes.

Knud Wefald

Det er min sjel en frydfull trang

(Music page 10 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Det er min sjel en frydfull trang
Å gjeste Norges dale.
Den gamle fjellkoll elsker sang,
de glade hjerters tale.
Kom til den fagre Maridal!
til Kleivens svimlende portal!
kom hvor som helst og Norge skal
dig i sin favn husvale.

Hist slanken selje, hegg og pil
og rogn isammenranke.
Det nøkne fjell de dekke vil;
det er en kjærlig tanke.
Så norske brødre, bryst ved bryst,
vi ville med vemodig lyst
vår moders bryst selv hylle til.
Det er en kjærlig tanke.

Henrik Wergeland

A People We

(Music page 10 Sons of Norway Song Book)
(For Initiation)

A people we who found a home,
Our roots are here embedded.
Let us pursue, as here we roam,
Our onward course undreaded.
We came from northern ice and snow,
No paradise to seek below.
Like Norsemen did so long ago
We'll guard the country's honor.

Where'er before the Norseman found
A country to his liking,
His blood he'd give to hold the ground,
The ever valiant Viking.
On England's soil, on Irish strand,
He often boldly took his stand,
Made Normandy a peaceful land
While foemen fiercely threatened.

We are the largest Viking band
In thousand years appearing.
Of own free will we left a land
And scenes that were endearing.
And on our way, that we be strong,
A heritage we brought along
In courage, hero deeds and song
For ever here to cherish.

As Sons of Norway here we stand
In ranks of firm formation,
Prepared to guard, defend the land,
The welfare of the nation.
Let's give our strength and give our deed
Relieving suffering and need:
Till Dovre falls, this is our creed:
Keep faith without cessation!

Carl G. O. Hansen

Within My Soul There Is an Urge

(Music page 10 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Within my soul there is an urge
To visit Norway's valleys,
The mountains old with music surge
And happy heart-throb tallies.
See Maridal in all her prime,
View Kleiven's dizzy height sublime!
Go anywhere at any time,
Her beauty Norway rallies.

The slender willow, spruce and pine,
To shield the mountain's bareness,
Their foliage they intertwine;
A thought of tender fairness.
Thus, good Norse brothers, hand in hand,
We join and fondly take our stand
Our mother's failings to confine.
A thought of tender fairness.

Carl G. O. Hansen

Fremad!

(Music page 12 Sons of Norway Song Book)

"Fremad! Fremad!"
 fedres høie hættak var.
 "Fremad! Fremad!"
 nordmenn, også vi det tar!
 Det som hugen tender,
 og hjertet roen får,
 ||: for det vi også fremad går
 og trofast slår. :||

"Fremad! Fremad!"
 hver som elsker frie hjem,
 "Fremad! Fremad!"
 friheten må evig frem.
 Skal den også prøves
 i tvil og nederlag,
 ||: hvem teller vel de tapte slag
 på seirens dag? :||

"Fremad! Fremad!"
 hver som fast på folket tror,
 "Fremad! Fremad!"
 hver som søker fedres spor.
 Nordens ånd har skatte,
 forgjemt i fjellets ly,
 ||: de finnes må i morgengry
 og frem på pány. :||
 Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

En sangers bønn

(Music page 13 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Anders Herre, du skal råde
 for de skatte du mig gav.
 O, men vis mig og din nåde,
 når min sang er stilnet av;
 ti alt mer mitt hjerte banker
 i usigelige tanker
 ved den store livets gåde.
 J. S. C. Welhaven

Seterjentens søndag

(Music page 26 Sons of Norway Song Book)

På solen jeg ser, det lider alt frem,
 snart er det ved høimessetide,
 o den som en stund fik ønske sig hjem
 blandt folk som på kirkevei skride!
 Når solskiven stiger litt så den står
 der midt over skaret i kammen,
 da vet jeg i dalen klokkene går,
 da ringer fra tårnet det sammen.

Det nytter ei stort å tage sin bok
 og synte i heien sin salme;
 mitt loft er for høit, og her er det dog
 som tonene blekne og falme.
 O den som idag fikk blande sin røst
 med hans og de øvriges stemme!
 Gud give at snart det lakked mot høst,
 Gud give jeg atter var hjemme!

Jørgen Moe

Forward!

(Music page 12 Sons of Norway Song Book)

"Forward! Forward!"
 Rang our fathers' battle cry.
 "Forward! Forward!"
 Norsemen, be our watch-word high!
 All that fires the spirit
 And makes the heart's faith bright,
 ||: For that we forward go with might
 And faithful fight. :||

"Forward! Forward!"
 Whoso loves a home that's free.
 "Forward! Forward!"
 Freedom's course must ever be,
 Though it shall be tested
 By doubt and by defeat,
 ||: Who will the losses' count repeat
 When vict'ries greet? :||

"Forward! Forward!"
 Whoso trusts in Norway's day.
 "Forward! Forward!"
 Whoso goes our fathers' way.
 Hid in northern mountains
 Are spirit-treasures true.
 ||: They shall, when dawns the morning's blue,
 Come forth anew. :||

A. H. Palmer

A Singer's Prayer

(Music page 13 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Lord of spirits, to Thee tendered
 Are the treasures granted me.
 Let Thy grace to me be rendered
 When my singing silenced be;
 For my heart does ever flutter
 At the thoughts I cannot utter,
 Pondering life's great enigma.

Carl G. O. Hansen

The Chalet Girl's Sunday

(Music page 26 Sons of Norway Song Book)

I gaze on the sun, it mounts in the skies,
 The hour soon for mass will be breaking;
 Ah would I were home 'midst all that I prize
 'Mong folks now the church-ward path taking!
 As soon as the sun lights up on its way
 The notch in the mountain-crest yonder,
 Then church-bells below for worship today
 Ring forth from the tow'r as I wander.

To open one's book 'tis useless to try
 And psalms out of doors begin singing;
 So distant my loft, 'twould seem, here on high
 That tones become poor while they're ringing.
 Ah, happy the one whose voice could in song
 With his and the others be blending!
 God grant that the harvest come before long,
 My flock and myself homeward sending.

Auber Forestier

Synnøves sang

(Music page 27 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Nu takk for alt ifra vi var små
og lekte sammen i skog og lage.
Jeg tenkte leken den skulle gå
op i de grånende dage.

Jeg tenkte leken den skulle gå
ut fra de løvede, lyse birke,
dit frem hvor Solbakkehuse stå
og til den rødmalte kirke.

Jeg satt og ventet så mangen kveld
og så dit bort under graneheien;
men skygget gjorde det mørke fjell,
og du, du fant ikke veien.

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

Synnøve's Song

(Music page 27 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Now thanks for all from our childhood's day,
Our play together in wood-land roaming.
I thought that play would go on for aye,
Though life should pass to its gloaming.

I thought that play would go on for aye,
From bowers leading of leafy birches,
To where Solbakke houses lay
And where the red-painted church is.

I sat and waited through evenings long
And scanned the ridge with the spruces yonder.
But darkening mountains made shadows throng,
And you the way did not wander.

A. H. Palmer

Ingrids vise

(Music page 28 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Og reven lå under birkerot
bortved lynget, bortved lynget.
Og haren hoppede på lette fot
over lynget, over lynget.
Det er vel noe til solskinns dag!
Det glitrer for og det glitrer bak,
over lynget, over lynget. Tra-la-la-la-la!

Og reven lo under birkerot
bortved lynget, bortved lynget.
Og haren hoppede i ville mot
over lynget, over lynget.
Jeg er så glad over alle ting!
Hu-hei, gjør du slike svære spring
over lynget, over lynget. Tra-la-la-la-la!

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

Ingrid's Song

(Music page 28 Sons of Norway Song Book)

The fox lay still by the birch tree's root
In the heather, in the heather.
The hare was running with nimble foot
O'er the heather, o'er the heather.
'Twas never brighter a sunshine day,
Before, behind me and every way,
O'er the heather, o'er the heather. La-la-la-la-la.

The fox laughed low by the birch tree's root
In the heather, in the heather.
The hare was running with daring foot
O'er the heather, o'er the heather.
I am so happy for everything!
Hallo! Why go you with mighty spring
O'er the heather, o'er the heather? La-la-la-la-la.

A. H. Palmer

Jeg lengter mot sol og sommer

(Music page 29 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Jeg lengter mot sol og sommer,
når heggen står hvit på vang,
å drømme blandt grønne graner
og lytte til lerkens sang.
Jeg lengter dit blåveis smiler
fra hei og fra bakkehell,
hvor måltrosten slår sin trille
til lurlokk en forårskveld.

O Norge, din granskogs sødme
engang å få ånde inn!
Få lytte til huldrens sanger
på vidden en vårnatt linn!
O, ennu engang, mor Norge,
å skue ditt skyblå hav!
Få dulme min sære lengsel
og takke for alt du gav!

Robert Jæger Loennecken

I'm Longing for Sunlight and Summer

(Music page 29 Sons of Norway Song Book)

I long towards sun and summer,
With hawthorn white on the lea,
To dream among verdant spruces
And hear the lark's melody.
I long to the dales and the hillsides,
Where violets smile in spring,
Where Alp-horns are softly calling,
And sweetly the thrushes sing.

O Norway, to breathe the sweetness
Again of thy green woods bright
And listen to fairies singing
On moorlands a summer night!
O, once more, thou ageless mother,
To gaze at thy skyblue wave,
To silence my heartsore longing,
And thank you for all you gave.

A. Faurschou

Norge i rødt, hvitt og blått

(Music page 30 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Hvor hen du går i li og fjell!
 en vinterdag, en sommerkveld,
 ved fjord og fossevell,
 fra eng og mo med furutrær,
 fra havets bryn med fiskevær
 og til de hvite skjær,
 møter du landet i tre-farvet drakt
 svøpt i et gjenskinn av flaggets farveprakt.
 Se, en hvit-stammet bjerk oppi heien
 rammer stripen og blåkløkker inn
 mot den rødmalte stuen ved veien,
 det er flagget som vaier i vind.
 Ja så hvitt som det hvite er sneen,
 og det røde har kveldsolen fått,
 og det blå ga sin farve til breen,
 det er Norge i rødt, hvitt og blått.

En vårdag i en solskinnstund
 på benken i studenterlund,
 der sitter han og hun,
 to unge, nyutsprungne russ,
 to ganske nylig tente bluss
 i tyve grader pluss.
 Hun er som en gryende forsommerdag,
 som farves av gjenskinnet fra det norske flagg.
 Ja, så hvit som det hvite er kjolen
 og så rødt som det rø' hennes kinn,
 hennes øyne er blå som fiolen,
 hun er flagget som vaier i vind.
 Han har freidig og hvitlugget panne
 og en lue i rødt har han fått.
 Med en lyseblå tiltro til landet,
 står vår ungdom i rødt, hvitt og blått.

De kjempet både hun og han!
 Nå lyser seirens baunebrann
 ut over Norges land.
 Mot himlen stiger flagg ved flagg
 som tusen gledesbål idag
 for alle vunne slag.
 Det knitrer som før over hytte og slott
 et flammende merke i rødt og hvitt og blått.
 Som et regnbuens tegn under skyen
 skal det evig i fremtiden stå.
 Se, det glitrer igjen over byen
 i det røde og hvite og blå!
 La det runge fra gaten og torget,
 over landet som nordmenn har fått:
 Du er vårt, du er vårt, gamle Norge!
 Vi vil kle deg i rødt, hvitt og blått.

Lars-Erik Larsson

Norway in Red, White and Blue

(Music page 30 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Where'er o'er rocks and rills you roam,
 In winter or in summer gloam,
 Or where the waters foam,
 From meadows and the tow'ring pines,
 From seashore and the fish confines,
 Out to the skerry lines,
 View you the land in the three colors deck'd,
 Colors from our flag their radiance reflect.
 In the hillsides the white, slender birches
 Seem the patches of bluebells to seize,
 At the roadside a red cottage perches,
 'Tis the flag that is waved in the breeze.
 Yes, as white as the snow in its whiteness,
 And the red lends the sunset its hue,
 And the blue gave the glacier its brightness,
 This is Norway in red, white and blue.

'Tis spring, the sun is shining bright,
 On bench beneath a shady tree
 Are seated he and she.
 They're freshies both and full of hope
 With vars'ty studies they will cope
 And give life greater scope.
 She seems like the dawn of the day summer-
 time,
 Reflecting the Norwegian colors sublime.
 Yes, as fair as the white of her dress is,
 And the red like her ruddy cheeks' glow,
 Her blue eyes just the vi'let's blue stresses;
 She is the flag flown in breezes that blow.
 His an open and white-tousled forehead
 And a cap that is red came his due.
 Such firm faith in their fatherland's shore had
 These our youths in the red, white and blue.

And fight did they both she and he!
 So blaze the fires of victory
 For now is Norway free!
 And skyward up the flags are run
 Like thousand joy salutes of gun
 For all the battles won.
 O'er castle and cottage there crackles anew
 The flaming insigne in red and white and blue.
 Like a rainbow 'neath sky as a token
 Stands for now and eternity, too,
 With its glistening ever unbroken
 In the red and the white and the blue.
 Then resounding from street and from doorway
 O'er the land that was given to you:
 This is our, this is our good, old Norway!
 We will dress you in red, white and blue!

Carl G. O. Hansen

Hils fra mig der hjemme

(Music page 32 Sons of Norway Song Book)

I den store tause natt
står jeg her ved skibets ratt
under himlens stjernevell
ene og forlatt.
Under himlens høie tak
høres fjerne vingeslag:
Fugletrekket atter går
mot nord, mot lyse vår.

Hils fra mig der hjemme,
hils min far og mor,
hils de grønne lier
og den blanke fjord.
Hvis jeg hadde vinger
fløi jeg hjem med dig,
til de lyse netter.
Hils dem, hils fra mig!

Mens Nordhavet bruser

(Music page 34 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Mens Nordhavet bruser mot fjellbygd strand
og stolte erindringer vekker
om fedrenes ry, som til fjerne land
det bar på de nordiske snekker.
||: Opp nordmenn, sjunger til harpens klang
en sang for Norriges unge flagg! :||

Du blomster av palmen på frihets grunn,
skjønn er du å skue trefarvet;
det hvitene kors i den røde bunn,
det har du av Danebrog arvet;
||: men hjertebladet, det mørkeblå,
av frihets marg måtte først utgå. :||
C. N. Schwach

Blandt alle lande

(Music page 35 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Blandt alle lande i øst og vest
er fedrelandet mitt hjerte næst;
det "gamle Norge"
med klippeborge
mig huer best.

Fra Vesterhavet til Kjølens rand,
fra Nordishavet til Kristiansand,
der har jeg hjemme
og kan istemme:
mitt fedreland!

Jeg elsker eder, I gamle fjell
med høie tinder og dype vell,
med skog om barmen
og jern i armen
til tidens kveld.

Ole Vig

A Sailor's Greeting

(Music page 32 Sons of Norway Song Book)

On the deck I stand at night,
When the stars above are bright,
Far away from friends and home,
Lonely here I roam.
Swallows on their wings so high
Now in spring they homeward fly
To the land where sunlight beams
Into my childhood dreams.

Greet my dear old mother,
Greet my father too
And my little brother
When he welcomes you.
Had I wings to follow
Happy I would be.
Dearest little swallow,
Greet them all from me!

F. Wick

Norway's Flag

(Music page 34 Sons of Norway Song Book)

The North Sea is lashing the rock bound strand,
Our proud recollections awak'ning
Of dragons it bore to the far off land,
The fame of our forefathers' making.
||: Up, Northmen strike till your harp strings
sing,
A song for Norway's young flag sing! :||

Thou flow'r of the palm, on the free soil found,
Tri-colored and beautiful flower!
The cross there of white on the blood red
ground

From Danebrog that was thy dower;
||: The heart's own leaf, though, of dusky blue,
From freedom's marrow first it grew. :||

Auber Forestier

Of All the Lands

(Music page 35 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Of all the lands in the east and west,
I love my own native land the best;
Its rocky towers
And leafy bowers,
My heart arrest.

From Sweden's border to North Sea strand,
From Arctic Ocean to Christiansand,
My home I name it,
In song proclaim it:
My native land!

Its yawning gorges I love so well,
Mid peaks and snow-crested citadel,
With woods abounding,
With iron resounding,
Till time's last knell.

R. E. Anderson

Nyss seilet vi en solblank time

(Music page 36 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Nyss seilet vi en solblank time
herinn med jubelkor
og hørte pinseklokker kime
rundt om den dype fjord.
||: Og løv og lier kranset
vår ferd så smukt,
på bølgen solskinn danset
til tonens flukt. :||

Så la kun avskjedsstunden brede
sin skumring om vår sjel,
den sprenges ei vår broderkjede
ved klangen av farvel.
||: Som glade trekkfuglskarer
vi bort nu flyr,
fra sang til sang vi farer;
vel møtt påny! :||

L. Dietrichson

Skjønner våren i vårt Norges dale

(Music page 39 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Skjønner våren i vårt Norges dale,
herlig seirer her dens blide makt;
jorden våkner av sin lange dvale,
snart den kleder sig i blommet prakt.
Løste floder ned mot havet danser,
fossen synger herlig i sin kraft.
Over alt strør livet sine kranser,
gyder over alt sin tryllesaft.

Skjønnest dog av alt er ånde-våren,
frihets frembrudd hos et edelt folk.
I dens glans se Nor, av Gud utkåren
til å vorde store tankers tolk!
Frihetssolen løste vintrens lenker,
signet hver en vrå med liv og lyst;
himlen overalt sin fylde senker,
og av dåds kraft svulmer hvert et bryst.

M. J. Monrad

Eg elsker dei voggande tonar

(Music page 40 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Eg elsker dei voggande tonar
og all den brennande hug.
||: Eg elsker kvar song som ljomar
og kvart eit barn, eit barn som log. :||

Og den som med mod seg vende
mot det som var vandt å nå,
||: Og hjarta som sorgi kjende
og endå, endå kan soli sjå. :||

Eg elsker livet som strøymer
med voner i unge barn,
||: Eg elsker livet som gløymer
all livsens, livsens sut og harm. :||

Chr. Lepsøe

In Merry Sunshine We Came Sailing

(Music page 36 Sons of Norway Song Book)

In merry sunshine we came sailing
In here, a jolly crowd.
The chimes of Whitsuntide regaling
With tones so deep and loud.
||: Grand nature was enhancing
Our festal train,
On billows sun rays dancing
To song's sweet strain. :||

Let then the parting hour be shedding
Its dusk upon our mood;
No sev'rance need have any dreading
To ties of brotherhood.
||: Like happy birds of passage
Away we fly.
From song to song we flutter,
Well met anew! :||

Carl G. O. Hansen

Norway in Springtime

(Music page 39 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Beautiful is Spring in Norway's valleys,
Glorious vict'ry nature here has had;
Earth awakens from its lengthy slumber,
Soon the hillsides are with flowers clad.
Rushing rivers towards ocean dancing,
Waterfalls that roar in music grand,
Ev'rywhere the life is more entrancing
Wielding over all its magic wand.

Grand above all else is spirit's springtime,
Freedom's birth the people has aroused.
Thus to Norway fate the task has given
Great and noble thoughts to be espoused.
Freedom's sun released the chains of winter,
Gave unto each nook its life and zest;
Heaven over all its plenty yielding,
Will to do and dare in ev'ry breast.

Carl G. O. Hansen

I Love Every Tune

(Music page 40 Sons of Norway Song Book)

I love ev'ry tune sweetly ringing
With yearning both eager and mild.
||: I love ev'ry song they are singing
And ev'ry smiling child. :||

The courage that's bent on pursuing
Whatever is good and bold,
||: The heart which in grief is ruing
And still can sunshine, sunshine behold. :||

I love all in life that's begetting
Fond hopes in the youthful mind;
||: I love the life when forgetting
Its woes, its acts and words unkind. :||

Carl G. O. Hansen

Kan du glemme gamle Norge?

(Music page 41 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Kan du glemme gamle Norge?
Aldri jeg det glemme kan,
||: som med stolte klippeborge
er og blir mitt fødeland. :||

Kan du glemme dette landet
som dig først tok i sin favn?
||: Mon du finne vil et annet
med så stolt og herlig navn? :||

La da kun din tanke sveve;
det kan aldri falle tungt.
||: Må for nordmenn lenge leve
gamle Norge, evig ungt! :||

Se, Norges blomsterdal

(Music page 75 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Se, Norges blomsterdal!
Farvel du kvalme fangekrok,
den ville granskog
er nu så deilig sval!
||: Tra-la-la-la, la-la!
Ja lystelig det er i Nord,
||: blandt fjell og li og fjord! :||

Hør fjellets stolte foss!
Nyss brøt den vintrens bånd og tvang,
nu går den fritt sin gang
og brummer bass til oss!
||: Tra-la-la-la, la-la, o.s.v.

På friske grønne eng
står blommer røde, gule, blå
og reder alfer små
en yndig brudeseng.
||: Tra-la-la-la, la-la, o.s.v.

Og får vi enn en skur,
litt regn gjør bondens aker godt;
vi skyet aldrig vådt,
det er mot vår natur.
||: Tra-la-la-la, la-la, o.s.v.

Andr. Aabel

Rett som ørnen stiger

(Music page 95 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Rett som ørnen stiger
opp mot himlens blå,
gjennom luftens riker
sangens toner gå,
||: løftende din sjel
opp mot lysets vell. :||

Alt hvad stort og herlig
for din tanke står;
alt hvad ømt og kjærlig
helst ditt sinn attrår.
||: All ditt hjertes trang
toner frem i sang. :||

Johan Didrik Behrens

Old Norway

(Music page 41 Sons of Norway Song Book)

How can you forget old Norway,
Land of rock and narrow fjord,
||: Where the mountains are like castles,
Stand like sentinels on guard? :||

How can you forget old Norway,
Land of everlasting fame?
||: Can you ever find another
With so glorious a name? :||

How can you forget old Norway
And its narrow fjords so grand,
||: In and out between the mountains?
'Tis my own, my native land! :||

See Norway's Flowery Vale

(Music page 75 Sons of Norway Song Book)

See Norway's flow'ry vale!
Farewell to stuffy, hot confines!
Among the stately pines
Pure ozone we inhale.
||: Tra-la-la-la, la-la!
The north much mirth and joy affords
||: 'Mongst mountains, lakes and fjords. :||

Hear booming waterfall,
Just freed from winter's harsh restraint,
Its thunder now no feint.
In "basso" sounds its call:
||: Tra-la-la-la, la-la, etc.

And on the verdant field
Stand flowers, yellow, blue and red
And make the cutest bed
For little elves to shield.
||: Tra-la-la-la, la-la, etc.

And should there come some rain,
That's what the farmer's field must get;
We never shunned the wet;
'Twould go against our grain.
||: Tra-la-la-la, la-la, etc.

Carl G. O. Hansen

Mounts on High the Eagle

(Music page 95 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Mounts on high the eagle
T'wards the heaven blue,
Thro' the sphere so regal
Tones of song rise too
||: Lifting up thy soul
To our heavenly goal. :||

All that's great and glorious
E'er be in thy thought,
All that's good made victor'ous,
Tender love has taught.
||: All for which hearts long
Rings out in thy song. :||

Conrad J. Hansen

Gud signe Norigs land

(Music page 82 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Gud signe Norigs land,
kvar heim, kvar dal, kvar strand,
||: kvar lund og lid. :||
Han lat det aldri døy,
han verje bygd og øy,
han verje mann og møy
||: til evig tid. :||

Me fekk det høgt og fritt,
me fekk det vent og vidt
||: med hav og fjell. ||:
Det stend so trygt og godt,
det stend so reint og blått,
rett som eit gudeslott
||: med solskinstjeld. :||

Her stig det stort og blått,
vårt fagre heimlands slott
||: med tind og tårn. :||
Og som det ervdest ned,
alt fagar' led for led,
det byggest skal i fred
||: åt våre born. :||

Arne Garborg

God Bless Our Native Land

(Music page 82 Sons of Norway Song Book)

God bless our native land,
Each vale, each mountain grand,
||: Each fell and fjord. :||
He let it ever stand,
Protect it with His hand,
Protect each maid and man
||: for ever more. :||

We got it fair and free
With mountain and with sea,
||: So broad and high. :||
It stands so fast and true,
It stands so clear and blue,
Almost divine to view
||: 'Neath sunny sky. :||

It is our dearest lot,
It is our dearest thought,
||: Our trust and thrift. :||
Great men they were and brave
Who unto us it gave
A home for us to have,
||: A freedom gift. :||

Torgeir Edland

Gud signe vårt dyre fedraland

(Music page 85 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Gud signe vårt dyre fedraland
og lat det som hagen bløma!
Lat lysa din fred frå fjell til strand
og vetter fyrr vårsol røma!
Lat folket som brøder saman bu,
som kristne det kan seg søma.

No er det i Norig atter dag
med vårsol og song i skogen.
Um sædet enn gror på ymist lag,
det brydder då etter plogen.
Så signe då Gud det gode såd
til groren eingong er mogen.

Elias Blix

Hymn to Norway

(Music page 85 Sons of Norway Song Book)

God, let Thou Thy richest blessing fall
On Norway, the land of our fathers!
Let peace be Thy gift to one and all,
From mountains to bounding waters!
The people Thou guide that they may live
As Christian sons and daughters.

In Norway Thy light now shines again,
In forests the birds are singing.
Though growth of the seed is not amain,
Yet sprouting is now beginning.
Then bless Thou, O God, both sower and seed,
So a harvest it may be bringing.

Haldor Hanson

Ved Rondane

(Music page 84 Sons of Norway Song Book)

No ser eg atter slike fjell og dalar
som deim eg i min fyrste ungdom såg.
Og same vind den heite panna svalar,
og gullet ligg på snjo som fyrr det låg.
Det er eit barnemål som til meg talar
og gjer med tankefull, men endå fjåg.
Med ungdomsminne er den tala blanda;
det strøymer på meg so eg knapt kan anda.

A. O. Vinje

Home Coming at Rondane

(Music page 84 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Once more I see the hills and dales before me
I used to love in childhood's days of old,
Once more I feel the mind's caresses o'er me
And watch the snow-capp'd summits crown'd
with gold.

I seem to hear the sound of children's voices,
And dim with happy tears spell-bound I stand.
Each mem'ry of the past my heart rejoices
And draws me back to childhood's happy land.

R. H. Elkin

Syng kun i din ungdoms vår

(Music page 86 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Syng kun i din ungdoms vår,
i din lyse sommer!
Sangens vell fra hjertet går
og til hjertet kommer.
Engang dine ungdoms kvad
vil når høsten kommer, glad
||: tone dig imøte. :||

Håret gråner, sangens elv
flyter mere stille,
rinner, før du vet det selv,
ut i minnets kilde.
Søtt er da hvert ungdoms kvad,
som en røst, vemodig, glad,
||: i de tause lunde. :||

Johan Didrik Behrens

Sing When in the Spring of Youth

(Music page 86 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Sing when in the Spring of youth,
Early summer's musing.
Strains from heart to heart, in truth,
Feelings sweet are fusing.
Sometime all your youthful lays
Will on sombre autumn days
||: Echo from the by-gones. :||

When the hair is turning gray,
Muted be the singing;
Songs then softly take their way
Into mem'ries swinging.
Sweet is then each old refrain,
Sad, still joyous ev'ry strain,
||: In the silent forest. :||

Carl G. O. Hansen

Aftensolen

(Music page 87 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Aftensolen smiler
over jorden ned,
og naturen hviler
taus i hellig fred.

Ikkun bekkens vove
riser saktelig,
gjennem mark og skove
frem den slynger sig.

Ingen aften bringer
stansning i dens fjed,
ingen klokke ringer
den til ro og fred.

Så mitt hjerte stunder
i sin kjærlighet,
til jeg engang blunder
i en evig fred.

H. Hoffmann

Sunset

(Music page 87 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Sunset warm and glowing
Smiles and sounds all cease,
Nature is bestowing
Silent, happy peace.

But the brooklet's billow
Murmur on and on;
There, 'mong break and willow,
Day is never done.

Evening never bringeth
Less'ning in its pace;
Curfew never ringeth
Ending in its race.

So my heart is beating
In unending love,
Until, death defeating,
I find peace above.

Siver Serumgard

Der ligger et land mot den evige sne

(Music page 103 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Der ligger et land mot den evige sne,
i revnene kun er det vårliv å se;
men havet går til med historie-dønn,
og elsket er landet som mor av sønn.

Hun tok oss i fanget dengang vi var små
og gav oss sin saga med billeder på.
Vi leste så øiet blev stort og vått;
da smilte den gamle og nikket blott.

Hun strødde sin sne over fjellbratte li,
bød så sine gutter å stå den på ski.
Hun knuste med stormhånd det Nordhavs speil,
bød så sine gutter å heise seil.

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

There Lies a Fair Land

(Music page 103 Sons of Norway Song Book)

There lies a fair land 'neath a glacial snow,
There Spring-life we find but in narrow clefts
low;

The ocean rolls on with its wild Saga roar,
Than this land no mother can be lov'd more.

We leaned on her bosom when children we
were,

She gave us a book full of pictures of her;
We read till our eyes they grew large and moist,
Then did she but nod, and with smiles rejoiced.

She covered the mountain sides over with snow,
And bade then her boys on their skis down
them go;

She crushed the old North Sea with roaring
gale

And bade her brave sailor lads hoist the sail.

R. B. Anderson

Den norske sjømann

(Music page 57 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Den norske sjømann er
et gjennombarket folkeferd;
hvor fartøi flyte kan,
der er han første mann.
På tokt og hjemme her, ,
ved sund og skjær og fiskevær,
||: han har sin Gud i sinn
og setter livet inn. :||

Den vesle fiskerbåt
har båret frem så mangen dåd
av mot og herlig kløkt
skjønt aldri den blev trykt.
Og mangen sjømanns liv
fikk dødens krans av tang og siv,
||: som burde hatt i gull
sitt navn blandt heltekull. :||

Hurra for dem idag
som farer under norske flagg!
Hurra for losen som
dem først imøte kom!
Hurra for dem som ror
sin fiskerbåt på hav og fjord,
sin båt på hav og fjord!
||: Hurra for alles lyst,
vår skjæromkranste kyst! :||
Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

Jeg vil verge mitt land

(Music page 79 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Jeg vil verge mitt land,
jeg vil bygge mitt land,
jeg vil elske det frem
i min bønn, i mitt barn.
Jeg vil øke dets gavn,
jeg vil søke dets savn
ifra grensen og ut
til det drivende garn.

Her er sommervarm nok,
her er sædejord nok,
bare vi, bare vi,
hadde kjærlighet nok.
Her er diktende trang
gjennom arbeidets gang
til å løfte vårt land,
blott vi løfter i flokk.

Denne bostavn er vår
og vi elsker den for
hva den var, hva den er,
hva den bliver igjen.
Og som kjærlighet gror
av den hjemlige jord,
skal den gro av vår
kjærlighets frøkorn igjen.

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

The Norwegian Seaman

(Music page 57 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Norwegian seamen are
A folk grown strong 'neath sail and spar;
Where boats can find a way,
The best men there are they,
On high seas or at home,
In calm or when the storm-waves foam,
||: To God their pray'r they make,
Their lives they gladly stake. :||

But fishing-boats in need
Have shown so many a daring deed
Of courage fine and skill,
Though unrecorded still.
And many a seaman's head
A wreath of sea-weed wore when dead,
Of sea-weed wore when dead,
||: Whose name should shine in gold
Among great heroes bold. :||

Hurrah for them today
Who the Norwegian flag display!
Hurrah for pilots true
who forth to meet them flew!
Hurrah for them who ply
Their fishing-boats twixt sea and sky,
Their boats twixt sea and sky!
||: Hurrah for all our boast,
Our skerry-skirted coast. ||:

A. H. Palmer

I Will Safeguard My Land

(Music page 79 Sons of Norway Song Book)

I will safeguard my land,
I will forward my land,
I will love it ahead
Through my child and my prayer.
I will cause it to grow,
I will lessen its woe,
From the mountains and out
To the sea ev'rywhere.

Here is sunshine enough,
Here is sub-soil enough,
Were our love but enough
For the task to be done.
Here is will to aspire,
Through our work, and desire
To develop our land,
If we all act as one.

This our homestead, and more,
We are loving it for
What it was; what it is,
What the future will show.
And as love grows apace
On the cherished home place
From the seed of our love
It shall constantly grow.

John Heitmann

Hvor herlig er mitt fødeland

(Music page 92 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Hvor herlig er mitt fødeland,
det havomkranste gamle Norge,
sku disse stolte klippeborge,
som evig trosser tidens tann.
Urverdnens gamle bautastene,
der gjennom klodens storme ene
||: som kjemper enn i brynjer blå
med sølverhjelmer om issen stå. :||

Ja herlig er mitt fødeland,
det gamle klippefaste Norge,
med sommerdal og vinterborge,
der evig trosser tidens tand!
Om kloden rokkes enn, dets fjelle
skal stormen dog ei kunne felle;
||: som bauta enn de skulle stå
og vise hvor vårt Norge lå. :||

S. O. Wolf

My Native Land

(Music page 92 Sons of Norway Song Book)

How lovely is my fatherland,
That sea-girt land where mountains tower
Like castle walls that in their power
Defying time's destroying hand.
Those mountains from the former ages
Stand firm against each storm that rages
||: Like giants clad in armor blue,
With helmets of a silver hue. :||

Yes, lovely is my native land,
Old Norway, with her summer bowers,
Her rock-bound shores, her snow-crown'd
towers,
Defying time's destroying hand.
Tho' storms the earth itself would sever,
These mountains shall remain forever;
||: As monuments they yet shall stand
And show where lay my fatherland. :||

John Dahl

Vi vandrer med freidig mot

(Music page 94 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Vi vandrer med freidig mot,
vårt sinn er lett og rapp vår fot,
i høiden oppad mot fjellet,
i dypet ved fossevellet.
||: La veien gå hvorhen den vil,
vi vandrer frem med sang og spill. :||

Her er vi i Guds natur!
Som bekken vill i fjellets ur.
Så stevner vi frem på ferden,
ti åpen oss ligger verden,
||: og derfor vi som fuglen glad
vil juble høit i sky vårt kvad. :||

Henrik Ibsen

We Wander With Spirits High

(Music page 94 Sons of Norway Song Book)

We wander with spirits high,
Our minds at ease, our gait is spry.
Now upward to lofty mountains,
Then downward where gush the fountains.
||: So let the road lead where it may,
We swing along with song and play! :||

God's nature has set us free!
Like wildest brook in mountain lea.
Then onward, the world before us,
And heaven is bending o'er us,
||: And therefore we like song-birds gay
In clarion tones will voice our lay! :||

Siver Serumgard

Norges utvandrede sønner

(Music page 96 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Som Norges vikingsskare engang drog
å vinne bytte her i fjerne lande,
så kom vi hit og arven overtok,
som Leif oss levnet bak Atlantis vanne.
||: Her skal vi bygge Norge opp påny,
her skal vi vinne makt og gull og ry. :||

Fikk Norges sol og nordlysflamme tendt
en gudegnist i stolte fedres øie,
så la dets ætlingsskare vorde kjent
som Odins gudesønner her med føie.
||: La ærens fanelys i minners brann
oss mane frem til dåd i dette land! :||

Julius B. Baumann

Norway's Emigrated Sons

(Music page 96 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Norse Vikings left their home in days of yore
In search of wealth and fame in distant countries.
We are their heirs; we came to Vinland's shore
Once found by Leif, who left it to his kinsmen.
||: Here we are claiming nothing but our due.
Here ancient Norway we shall build anew. :||

If Norway's sun and flaming northern light
Gave to our fathers' eyes a god-like twinkle,
Then may their teeming offspring take delight
In proving to be worthy sons of Odin.
||: Let banners of a glorious past, unfurled,
Urge us to action in the Western World! :||

Havet er skjønt

(Music page 98 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Havet er skjønt når det roligen hvelver
stålblanke skjold over vikingers grav!
Skjønt når i buen hvor lysterålen skjelver,
himlen og skyene speiler sig av!
Herlig når solen om aftenen daler,
flammer som ild over havspeilets rund,
yndig når månen om høstnatten maler
sitrende søiler på mørkeblå grunn!

S. O. Wolf

Sangen

(Music page 98 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Sangen har lysning, og derfor den gyter
over ditt arbeid forklarelsens skinn!
Sangen har varme, og derfor den bryter
stivhet og frost, så det tør i ditt sinn!
Sangen har evighet; derfor den skyter
fortid og fremtid ihop for ditt syn,
ånder uendelig attrå og flyter
bort i et lyshav av lengsler og lyn!

Sangen forener, idet den fortøner
mislyd og tvil på sin strålende gang;
sangen forener, idet den forsoner
kamplystne krefter i samstemmig trang,
trangen til skjønnhet, til død, til det rene!
—Noen kan gå på den lyslange bro
høiere, høiere, frem til det ene
som ikke åpnes for annet enn tro.

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

Island

(Music page 110 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Ytterst mot Norden lyser en ø
klart gjennom isslag og tåke,
der ved en berg-ild som aldri kan dø
oldtidens billeder våke.
Derfra går sagnet vidt over sjø
som en måke.

Opp til det selsomme øland drog
først våre herlige fedre.
Med sig fra Norge de høisete tok
for å oppreise det bedre.
Norrønsmål de i ensomme krok
skulle hedre.

Skjønt våre frender bak isdekte mur
lyde må fremmede love,
kan de dog sende til Norges natur
lengselens kvad over vove.
Hjemlig det når til oss som en lur
dypt fra skove.

A. Munch

Grand Is the Sea

(Music page 98 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Grand is the sea when it calmly is throwing
Bright glitt'ring shields o'er the Vikings' deep
grave!
Grand, when the sky and the clouds throw a
glowing
Archway of light, view themselves in its wave!
Grand, when the sun's parting rays are dis-
playing
Fire flaming splendor the sea mirror round,
Mild, when a quivering column portraying
Th' autumnal moon lights the dusky blue
ground.

Auber Forestier

Song

(Music page 98 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Song brings us light with power of lending
Glory to brighten the work that we find,
Song brings us warmth with the power of
rending
Rigor and frost in the swift-melting mind,
Song is eternal with power of blending
Time that is gone and to come in the soul,
Fills it with yearnings that flow without ending
Seeking that sea where the light-surges roll.

Song brings us union, while gently beguiling
Discord and doubt on its radiant way;
Song brings us union and leads, reconciling,
Battle-glad passions by harmony's sway,
Unto the beautiful, valiant, and holy!
Some can pass over its long bridge of light
Higher and higher to visions that solely
Faith can reveal to the spirit's pure sight.

A. H. Palmer

Iceland

(Music page 110 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Far in the North Sea there gleams 'gainst the
sky,
Iceland with frost-mist around it.
There is a rock-fire which never can die,
Olden times pictures surround it;
Stories like sea gulls widely do fly,
Tell who found it.

First to that wonderful island went
Norsemen, breaking the fetter;
With them from Norway was liberty sent,
There to establish it better.
Saga on saving the Norse tongue was bent,
And they let her.

Though our relations on th' ice girded strand,
Live under foreign dominion;
Still they may send to their old fatherland
Greetings on song feathered pinion.
Glad we them welcome as kings do the hand
Of a minion.

R. B. Anderson

Hvor i verden jeg går

(Music page 97 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Hvor i verden jeg går, om i syd, om i vest,
det er dog ei min hjemlige strand;
ti det fjell som jeg så i min barndom er best;
jeg er stolt av mitt fedreneland.

Og jeg elsker vel høit våre fedres bedrift,
og hvert sagn driver blod i mitt kinn;
dog, jeg ser kun dets kraft enn i sten og i skrift;
den er stor, men den er ikke min.

O, men folket som lever med mig på en dag,
det er mitt, er mitt fødelands lyst,
og naturen er skjønn kun ved hjertenes slag,
som en blomst på den elskedes bryst.

Andreas Munch

Når solen ganger til hvile

(Music page 100 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Når solen ganger til hvile
og dagens sysler er endt,
når himmelens stjerner smile
og nattens måne er tendt,
når stillhet breder sig over
den larm-fullt forvirrede jord,
når hele naturen sover,
innhyllet i mørkets flor.

Da drømmer jeg mig tilbake
til fortidens gylne land
og later min tanke drage
så langt over fjell og strand.
Jeg her til hjemmet er bunden,
men tanken den flyver så lett;
den stanser ei før den har funden
sin kjære utvalgte plett.

Sofie Dedekam

Ungbirken

(Music page 100 Sons of Norway Song Book)

En ungbirk stander ved fjorden
og vannspeilet ganske nær;
hvor stor og smukk den er vorden
de år jeg har boet her!
Nu løfter den hvite stamme
kronen fra bredden lav;
men tro dog ei den vil bramme,
den vet ikke selv derav.

Du deilige birk, du kjære!
På dig vil jeg ofte se.
Gud give jeg måtte lære
hvad du mig så smukt kan te:
Å vokse i eget øie
nedad med hver en dag;
å krone og å opphøie,
det vorder da Herrens sak!

Jørgen Moe

Though I Roam O'er the World

(Music page 97 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Though I roam o'er the world, be it south, be
it west,
It is not my own dear native strand;
For the mountain I saw in my childhood is best:
I am proud of my fair fatherland.

O, I love well the deeds by forebears of my own,
And each legend makes my eyes to shine.
Though, perceiving its glamour in writing and
stone,
It is great, but it counts not as mine.

But the people that live here with me on this
day,
They're the pride of my own native land.
And that nature is grand, only hearts can dis-
play,
Like a flower in the loved one's hand.

Carl G. O. Hansen

At Eve, When Sun Has Descended

(Music page 100 Sons of Norway Song Book)

At eve, when sun has descended
And work of day has been quit,
When stars out their way have wended
And moon of night has been lit,
When stillness is permeating
The noisy and turbulent world,
When nature repose is taking,
The blanket of darkness unfurld.

Then dream I that I've been carried
To by-gones' fair golden land,
And there my fond thoughts have tarried,
They've hovered o'er hill and strand.
The ties to home here are binding,
But thoughts will so read'ly take flight
And pause not before on finding
The lovely and sacred site.

Carl G. O. Hansen

The Young Birch

(Music page 100 Sons of Norway Song Book)

A young birch once there was standing,
The mirror-like fjord quite near,
With growth and beauty expanding
The years of my sojourn here.
Its crown now the white trunk raises
Up from the surface low,
It boasts not, thinks not of praises,
Its worth does itself not know.

Thou beautiful birch! Thou dearest!
I often will gaze on thee,
And fain would I learn the duty
That thou can so well teach me:
To grow in my own estimation
Humbler each day I live;
The crown that is worth approbation,
'Tis only the Lord can give.

Auber Forestier

Vårmorgen

(Music page 102 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Alt glimrende bever det duftende blad
og lerken den svever mot himlen så glad,
i bekken henflyter den brogete sky,
og morgensang lyder fra våknende by.

Og jeg vil forglemme hver kunstlete trang,
og blande min stemme med fuglenes sang,
snart enkelt de kveder med sorgløse slag
og hilser med glede den kommende dag.

Nu solen fremstiger så prektig og klar,
og rimfrosten viker, som gresstrået bar:
rundt om millioner forenes i kor;
høit hvirvlede toner: "Vår skaper er stor!"

Millom bakkar og berg

(Music page 111 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Millom bakkar og berg ut med havet
heve nordmannen fenget sin heim,
der han sjølv heve tuftarne gravet,
og sett sjølv sine hus uppå deim.

Han såg ut på dei steinutte strender;
det var ingen som der hadde bygt;
lat oss rydja og byggja oss grender
og so eiga me rudningen trygt.

Fram på vetteren stundom han tenkte:
gjev eg var i ett varmare land;
men når vårsol i bakkarne blenkte,
fekk han hug til si heimlige strand.

Og når liderne grønska som hagar,
når det laver av blomar på strå,
og når netter er ljose som dagar,
kan han ingenstad venare sjå.

Ivar Aasen

Markje grønas

(Music page 128 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Markje grønas, snjogen bråna;
fjell bli bært å lauve sprett;
marinykjyl står ti dalom,
kue se fæ eta mett.
Alt som leve byrja kræka,
bjønner kjem tå hie fram,
utur fjøse spring fornøgde
ku å kælvt å sau å lam.

E. Storm

Spring Morning

(Music page 102 Sons of Norway Song Book)

It glitters, each fragrant and quivering leaf,
The lark it soars skyward in happy relief,
Fantastic shap'd clouds are reflected in brook,
And song greets the morning in every nook.

Forget will I all that seems idle and wrong.
My voice will I blend with the birds' joyful
song.

So carefree they warble their sweet simple lay
And greet with rejoicing the oncoming day.

The sun then ascends so majestic and clear,
The coating of frost from the blades disappear.
From millions ring out a melodious call
In praises of Him, the Creator of all.

Carl G. O. Hansen

'Mong the Rocks

(Music page 111 Sons of Norway Song Book)

'Mong the rocks by the North Sea's blue waters,
Where the Norseman his homestead has found;
There does he and his sons and his daughters,
Claim allodial right to the ground.

To be up and to do, is his glory;
And he has to be sturdy and strong;
But 'tis pleasure to hear the old story
Of the deeds that are treasured in song.

More than once does he think, in the winter:
"Would I lived in some sunnier land!"
But when spring sun on hill-top does glitter,
His heart warms t'ward his own native strand.

When each nook has its shade of green bowers,
And the nights are as bright as the days,
When the fields are all fragrant with flowers,
Then he longs for no lovelier place.

R. B. Anderson

Fields and Woods

(Music page 128 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Fields and woods are crown'd with verdure,
From the hillsides gone the snow,
Food in plenty have the cattle,
Cowslips in the valley grow;
Ev'ry living thing is stirring,
Bruin from his lair comes now,
From the stable leap delighted
Sheep and lamb and calf and cow.

Auber Forestier

Dei gamle fjell i syningom

(Music page 118 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Dei gamle fjell i syningom
er alltid eins å sjå,
med same gamle bryningom
og same toppom på.
I bygdi byggjer sveinane,
og huset stende laust;
men dei gamle merkjesteinane,
de stende like traust.

Av hav kom sjømann sigande
og lengtad etter land.
Då såg han fjelli stigande
og kjendest ved si strand.
Då kom det mot i gutane,
som såg sin fødestad.
Ja, dei gode gamle nutane,
dei gjera hugen glad.

Ivar Aasen

The Mountains Old

(Music page 118 Sons of Norway Song Book)

The mountains old here round about,
They do not change at all.
The same old cliffs are jutting out,
The summit just as tall.
Below the men folk toil and build,
Their houses tend to squirm;
But the landmarks that so often thrill'd,
They stand there just as firm.

From sea came sailor on his way,
Was longing for his land.
He saw the mountain chains' array
And knew this was his strand.
It gave good cheer to all the boys
Who saw their native shore.
Yes, the old things have a famil'ar voice
A voice that they adore.

Carl G. O. Hansen

At far min kunde gjera

(Music page 119 Sons of Norway Song Book)

At far min kunde gjera
det gilde han hev gjort,
og fram i livet bera
so mykje gjævt og stort,
det var fra dag til annan
for meg so god ei stød;
stor arv det er for mannen
av godt folk vera fødd.

Slik kar var aldri funnen
so langt som sogå veit.
Og ordet flaug fra munnen
so godt som sverdet beit.
Du høyr'd'n aldrig mala
i klynk um sine kår.
Den guten kunde tala
med skjemt um sine sår.

Han lærde fransmann fikta
og finna riddarverd
og engelsmannen dikta
og hava sjøen kjær.
Og fremst han stod i lina
og rett han stelte den.
Fra Skottland til Messina
han skapte styresmenn.

A. O. Vinje

The Memory of Father

(Music page 119 Sons of Norway Song Book)

The great things of my own sire,
The things that he did do,
His manly faith and fire
For causes good and true.
It strengthens me when laden
with cares 'gainst ev'ry shock:
How good for man and maiden
To come from noble stock.

A better man you never
Could find in tales of old,
His speech was keen and clever,
His sword was sharp and bold.
In hard times and misfortune
He never once complained,
He smiled at fickle fortune,
He laughed when sore and maimed.

In war he schooled the Frenchman,
And taught him chivalry,
He taught his English henchman
To sing and love the sea.
The world was his arena,
His captain voice still rings.
From Scotland to Messina
He made and unmade kings.

O. M. Norlie

Hjemreise fra setren

(Music page 129 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Os ha gjort ka gjerast skulde,
ysta ost å kinna smør,
nå står att å klyvja øykjenn,
setja lås for saterdør.
Korkje finst dæ meire føe
her for heie hell for krist,
glå æ os, os slepp åt bygden,
meire glå æ kue vist.

E. Storm

Homeward Again

(Music page 129 Sons of Norway Song Book)

We have done our bounden duty,
Cheese we made and butter churn,
Now remains to load our horses
And the dairy lock to turn.
Food for cattle nor for hill-folks
Can be found no longer here.
Glad are we that home we're going,
Gladder still our flocks appear.

Auber Forestier

Pål på haugen

(Music page 112 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Pål sine hønor på haugen utslepte,
hønon' så lett yver haugane sprang;
Pål kunne vel på hønom fornema,
reven var ute med rumpa så lang:
||: Klukk, klukk, klukk, sa høna på haugom :||
Pål han sprang og rengde med augom:
"No tor' eg inkje koma heim åt ho mor!"

Pål han gjekk seg litt lenger på haugen,
fekk han sjå reven låg på høna og gnog;
Pål han tok seg ein stein uti neven,,
dugleg han då til reven slog.
||: Reven flaug so rumpa hans riste; :||
Pål han gret for høna han miste!
"No tor' eg inkje koma heim åt ho mor!"

Inkje kann ho verpa, og inkje kann ho gala,
inkje kann ho krypa, og inkje kann ho gå!
Eg fær gå meg til kverni å mala
og få att mjølet eg miste igår!
||: Pytt, sa'n Pål, "eg er inkje bangen, :||
kjeften og mote hev hjelpe so mangen,
eg tor' nok lel koma heim åt ho mor!

Norsk folkevise

Kjærringa me' staven

(Music page 114 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Kjærringa me' staven,
høgt op i Hakedalen.
Otte potter rømme, fire mærker smør,
så kjinna Kari, Ola hadde før.
Kjærringa me' staven.

Kjærringa me' kjæppen
hoppa så over bækken;
vil du være kjærring skal je' være mand,
vil du koke kaffi, ska' je' bære vand.
Kjærringa me' kjæppen.

Eg gjætte Tulla i femten år

(Music page 116 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Eg gjætte Tulla i femten år,
eg passa vel på Tulla.
Eg gjætte burt både lam og får;
men endå hadde eg Tulla.
Å hei, å hå, det fær so gå,
eg tregar meste på Tulla,
for ho var krulla i ulla.

Og so kom skrubben laskande fram,
då fekk eg kjøpmann te Tulla;
å akkederinga var 'kje lang,
å penningan' var 'kje mange.
Å hei, å hå, osv.

Norsk folkevise

Paul on the Hillside

(Music page 112 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Paul let his chickens run out on the hillside,
Over the hill they went tripping along;
Paul understood by the way they were acting;
Feeling a warning that something was wrong:
||: Cluck, cluck, cluck, the chickens were
cackling :||
Paul was aware of the task he was tackling:
"Now I'm afraid to go home to my ma!"

Paul made a rush for the top of the hillside,
There was a fox with a hen in his claw;
Paul took a rock and with madness he threw it,
Striking directly the fox in the jaw.
||: Up jumped the fox so his tail kept a'shak-
ing :||
Paul was in tears and his heart nearly breaking:
"Now I'm afraid to go home to my ma!"

Never again will that hen ever cackle,
Never again will she let out a peep.
Now I must go to the mill for some barley
And then of meal I will bring back a heap.
||: Pshaw," said Paul, "now why should I
worry :||
Courage and tongue clear the way in a hurry.
I'm not afraid to go home to my ma."

Frederick Wick

Limping Down the Valley

(Music page 114 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Limping down the valley,
Cane in her hand came Sally.
Half a pound of butter to the quart of cream;
That was Sally's churning, she was Ole's dream.
Limping down the valley.

Sal' with cane so crooked,
Jum'd clear across the brooklet:
If you'll be my sweetheart, I will be your man,
If you'll cook the coffee, I will fill the can.
Limping down the valley.

My Tulla

(Music page 116 Sons of Norway Song Book)

My heart for many a year was cheer'd
By taking care of my Tulla.
The sheep and lamb from me disappear'd;
But still I had my dear Tulla.
Oh hey, oh ho, then be it so,
My Tulla's loss me oppresses,
I mourn her white curly tresses.

And then the wolf came sneaking forth,
To buy my Tulla he offered;
He asked me not what my sheep was worth,
No heaps of money he proffered.
Oh hey, oh ho, etc.

R. B. Anderson

Å kjøre vatten å kjøre ve'

(Music page 124 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Å kjøre vatten og kjøre ve'
og kjøre tømmer over heia.
Å kjøre å dom kjøre vil,
je' kjører jenta mi eia.
De røde roser og de øine blå,
de vakre jenter holder je' utå,
helst når je' får den je' vil ha;
då er det morosamt å leva.

Der står et træ i min faders gård,
det har så underlige greine,
og hvis jeg inte blir gift iår,
så kan je' leva aleine.
De røde roser og de øine blå,
de vakre jenter holder je' utå,
helst når je' får den je' vil ha;
då er det morosamt å leva.

Norsk folkevise

Uppå fjellet

(Music page 126 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Hu hei! Kor er det vel friskt og lett
uppå fjellet!
Her leikar vinden i kåte sprett
uppå fjellet!
Og foten dansar og auga lær,
og hjarta kveikjande hugnad fær
uppå fjellet!

Kom opp! Kom opp frå den tronge dal,
uppå fjellet!
Her blæs ein blåster so frisk og sval
uppå fjellet!
Og lidi skin utav blomar full,
og soli drys alt sitt fagre gull,
uppå fjellet!

Kristofer Janson

Ola Glomstulen

(Music page 133 Sons of Norway Song Book)

||: Ola Glomstulen hadde ei gamal, grå gjeit. :||
Å kjære mi Kari gjør pølsa væl feit?
For i morgon ska Ola Glomstulen gjifte seg.

||: Ola Glomstulen hadde ei halv skæppe
malt. :||
Å kjære mi Kari! du brygger vel alt?
For i morgon ska Ola Glomstulen gjifte seg.

||: Ola Glomstulen hadde so lang ei bru'fær' :||
Ho nådde frå Solum til Gråten hjå Blehr,
for idag ska han Ola Glomstulen gjifte seg.

I'm Hauling Water, I'm Hauling Wood

(Music page 124 Sons of Norway Song Book)

I'm hauling water, I'm hauling wood,
I'm hauling lumber from the valley,
But then at twilight when roads are good
I'm hauling no one else but Sally.
I love her rosy cheeks and eyes of blue,
And when she smiles at me, I'm telling you,
I never miss one single kiss,
When I'm out alone with Sally.

This gal of mine she is rather queer,
But I shall win her now, or never!
We may get married within a year,
Or I'll be single man forever.
I love her rosy cheeks and eyes of blue,
And when she smiles at me, I'm telling you,
I never miss one single kiss,
When I'm out alone with Sally.

Frederick Wick

On the Mountain

(Music page 126 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Heigh-o! how bracing the air and light,
On the mountain!
The wind here frolics in mad delight,
On the mountain!
The foot trips lightly, the eye it laughs,
The heart new life and enjoyment quaffs,
On the mountain!

Come up, come up from the narrow vale,
On the mountain!
Here blows a cool and refreshing gale,
On the mountain!
The slope is cover'd with shining flow'rs,
The sunshine bathes them in golden show'ers,
On the mountain!

Auber Forestier

Ola Glomstulen

(Music page 133 Sons of Norway Song Book)

||: Ola Glomstulen had an old limping gray
goat. :||
Oh please, my dear Kari, make sausage that'll
bloat,
For to-morrow shall Ola Glomstulen married be.

||: Ola Glomstulen owned just a half bushel
malt. :||
Oh please, my dear Kari, you must brew it all,
For to-morrow shall Ola Glomstulen married be.

||: Ola Glomstulen's wedding was a long, gay
parade :||
Of neighbors and kinfolds and friends all so
glad,
For today shall Ola Glomstulen married be.

Eg ser deg ut før gluggjin

(Music page 130 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Eg ser deg ut før gluggjin,
kjar søte vennen min!
Eg kjenner deg på skuggjin,
du kann kje sleppa inn!
I kvell eg gløymde no kubbin å reisa,
eg meiner den guten æ bindande galin,
som inkje kann høyre at far han æ heime,
kjar søte vennen min!
Suril, suril, suril, surilei.

Imorgo fyrr hanin gjele,
kjar søte vennen min!
ligg far bort mæ kvenne å mele,
då kann du sleppa inn.
I kvell eg gløymde no kubbin å reisa,
eg meiner den guten æ bindande galin,
som inkje kann høyre at far han æ heime,
kjar søte vennen min!
Suril, suril, suril, surilei.

Norsk folkevis

Hvor såre lite vil det til

(Music page 138 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Hvor såre lite vil det til
for lykkelig å være;
et muntert sinn, en pikes smil,
en venn som gjør dig ære;
en hytte som dig skjule kann,
sunt brød og kildens klare vann,
så megen visdom at du vil
og bruker denne lære.

Gull har sin glans og makt sitt verd,
og rang vanærer ingen;
det er rent smukt å være lærd,
men det er ikke tingen.
Nei, skjelve ei for dærens dom,
og ta så dagen som den kom,
er mer enn gull og ære verd,
og det dig røver ingen.

J. Zetlitz

Ågots sang

(Music page 131 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Sole går bak åsen ne,
skjuggjin bli så lange.
Nåtte kjem snart atteve,
teke meg til fangje.
Krytrein uti kvee står,
eg åt sæterstule går.

H. A. Bjerregaard

Å, Ola, Ola, min eigjen onge

(Music page 140 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Å, Ola, Ola, min eigjen onge!
kvi la du på meg den sorg so tonge?
Eg tenkte aldri du brydd deg um
||: å narre meg som du såg va ong. :||

Norsk folkevis

I See Your Shadow Yonder

(Music page 130 Sons of Norway Song Book)

I see your shadow yonder,
O dearest sweetest friend!
But longer you must wander,
Till words to you I send.
For I have forgotten to put out a token,
You need not go mad, tho' my word thus be
broken,
Remember that father is home and is watching,
O dearest, sweetest friend!
Hush a-baby, hush a-baby-by.

I'll rock my little brother
Until he falls asleep;
But me there is no other
Who him can quiet keep.
And if you are freezing, pray go in the stable,
I'll send for you there just as soon as I'm able,
For father is going out soon, pray be careful.
O dearest, sweetest friend!
Hush a-baby, hush a-baby-by.

Auber Forestier

If Happy You Would Be

(Music page 138 Sons of Norway Song Book)

If happy you'd be all the while
Not very much is required;
A jolly mood, a girl's sweet smile,
True friends to be desired;
For shelter have a cabin near,
Good bread, a drink of water clear,
Enough of wisdom to adhere
To rules you thus have acquired.

Gold has its lustre, great is might,
And rank is no discredit.
'Tis fine considered erudite,
But not on this it hinges.
No, care not what the fool may say
And take what comes to you each day,
Than gold, will give you more delight.
Nothing on this infringes.

Carl G. O. Hansen

Ågot's Evening Song

(Music page 131 Sons of Norway Song Book)

O'er the ridge the sun is gliding,
Shadows darken and grow long.
Nature, all in peace abiding
With the nightingale in song.
Twinkling stars will gather soon
All around that silvery moon.

Frederick Wick

Oh, Ole, Ole, I Loved You Dearly

(Music page 140 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Oh, Ole, Ole, I loved you dearly,
But you have dealt with me insincerely.
I did not think you would let your tongue
||: Be false to me whom you saw was young. :||

R. B. Anderson

Her er det land som hugar meg best

(Music page 134 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Her er det land som hugar meg best,
og hit hev eg lengtat lenge;
her var det stødt som hugen var fest
og gjekk i sit gamle gjenge.
Vida hev og flutt og faret ikring,
aldring såg eg slike hyggjelege ting,
Ja myket hev og set og meir hev eg frett,
men her hev eg set det beste.

Her er vel jordi hugleg å sjå
og yndeleg på alle tider,
helst når ho heve sumars-ploggi på
og blømer til det øvste lider.
Aldrig vild' eg bytt i nokonhande skatt
denne vår sæle sumarljose natt,
då jordi ligg i skrud og søv som ei brud,
og dagen vakjer trutt um landet.

Ivar Aasen

I rosenlund under sagas hall

(Music page 135 Sons of Norway Song Book)

I rosenlund under sagas hall,
der gjemmes hellige minner,
med sakte rislende bølgefåll
den klare Søkvabekk rinner.
Der er en kalk så søt og sval
av dette vell å tømme,
og Nordens menn fra fjell og dal
går dit i våkne drømme.

Vi vandrer da til den klare strøm
i sagas fredede rike.
Vårt Nordens lyseste fremtidsdrøm
vil der av bølgene stige.
Ti Odins ætt har intet vell,
der mere liflig kveder
enn dette håp for Nordens hell,
som bor i minnets beger.

J. S. C. Weihs

Til seters

(Music page 145 Sons of Norway Song Book)

||: Til seters, til seters, nu synker solen ned! :||
skyggene blive dunkle og lange,
fremad vi gå med lystige sange,
en, to, en, to! hold takten, rask avsted!

||: Se setren, se setren, hurra der vil vi bo! :||
Marsjen er endt, derinne oss venter
hundrede løier og deilige jenter.
Holdt, holdt, holdt, holdt, her slår vi oss til ro!
C. P. Riis

Here Is the Land That Suits Me the Best

(Music page 134 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Here is the land that suits me the best;
For this place I've long been yearning.
Here has been e'er my mind set at rest,
About its old pivots turning.
Much as I have travel'd, roam'd all around,
Nowhere did so many pleasant things abound.
Yes much I did behold and more I've been
told,
But all things I've here found better.

Pleasure 'tis here the earth to survey,
Regardless of seasons' changes;
View it adorn'd in summer's array
And blooming o'er widest ranges.
Nowhere is there such enchanting, soft light
As we up North have on dreamy summer night;
Fair is all outside in sleep like a bride,
And day o'er the land holds vigil.

Carl G. O. Hansen

To Ole Bull

(Music page 135 Sons of Norway Song Book)

How sweet th' embraces of twilight peace,
When thrushes sing 'mong the willows!
The wind is sighing thro' brush and trees,
And Necken plays in the billows.
With voice subdued, with harp-string tones,
The elves fill out each measure,
And load the air with sighs and moans,
A melancholy pleasure.

All hail! thou blessedest bard of song!
Divine thy bow! and an ocean
Of joy is shed on the listening throng,
Thou kindest flames of devotion.
When nations listen to thy lay
And tremble at thy power;
Then quivers 'mong thy mountains gray
With joy each little flower.

R. B. Anderson

The Seter

(Music page 145 Sons of Norway Song Book)

||: The seter, the seter, the sun is sinking low. :||
Shadows are growing longer and dimming,
Keep up the pace and merrily singing,
One, two, one, two, keep step as on we go!

||: The seter, the seter! Hurrah, here will we
stay. :||
End of our trail and march most elating,
Bushels of fun and fair maidens waiting,
Halt, halt, halt, halt, for this is where we stay!
Carl G. O. Hansen

Peter Tordenskjold

(Music page 136 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Jeg vil sjunge om en helt,
vidt berømt ved sund og belt,
om en herre kjekk og bold,
om den tapre Tordenskjold.

Mens i vuggen han lå svøpt,
Peter Wessel blev han døpt;
på fregattens skansevoll
fikk han navnet "Tordenskjold."

Atten barn gikk frem på rad
hos hans far i Trondheim stad,
døtre seks og sønner tolv,
men kun en blev Tordenskjold.

Tordenskjold i sjøen sprang,
kuglene omkring ham sang,
gjennom bølgen dyp og kald
svømmet Peter Tordenskjold.

Tordenskjold han var polisk,
gikk omkring og solgte fisk.
Fienden bak sin egen voll
narret blev av Tordenskjold.

Rask han vokste op på val
fra matros til admiral;
ingen glans og ære gold
fikk dog makt med Tordenskjold.

Skal til kamp på bølgens topp
flaggets kors i staven opp,
giv der bak den røde fold
stod en helt som Tordenskjold.

G. Rode

Peter Tordenskjold

(Music page 136 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Of a hero I will sing,
One to whom great fame will cling,
Of a gentleman so bold,
Of the valiant Tordenskjold.

Swath'd in cradle where he lay,
Peter Wessel named him they;
When in frigate's crew enrolled
Earned the name of Tordenskjold.

Eighteen children gave renown
To a home in Trondheim town;
Daughters six and sons twelve told,
Though but one came Tordenskjold.

Tordenskjold leaped in the sea,
Bullets sang around him free,
Through the waves so deep and cold
Swam our Peter Tordenskjold.

Tordenskjold, sly as you wish,
Went about and sold them fish.
Foemen well within their fold,
Fooled they were by Tordenskjold.

Up the ranks above them all,
Seaman clear to admiral.
Glory, honor, nor yet gold
Difference made to Tordenskjold.

When rage battles on the sea,
Flag with cross floats on the breeze,
Would that back the flag's red fold
Stood a man like Tordenskjold.

Conrad J. Hansen

Sinklars-visen

(Music page 137 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Herr Sinclair drog over salten hav,
til Norrig hans kurs monne stande;
blandt Gudbrands klipper han fant sin grav,
der vanket så blodig en panne.

De bønder fra Våge, Lesje og Lom
med skarpe økser på nakke
i Bredebygd de tilsammen kom
med skotten vilde de snakke.

Det første skudd herr Sinclair gjaldt,
han brølte og opgav sin ånde.
Hver skotte ropte, da obersten falt:
Gud fri oss fra denne vånde!

Ei nogen levende sjel kom hjem
som kunde sin landsmann fortelle
hvor farlig det er å besøke dem,
der bor blandt Norges fjelle.

E. Storm

The Sinclair Ballad

(Music page 137 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Across the sea comes the Sinclair brave,
He steer'd for the Norway border;
In Gudbrand valley he found his grave,
With all his men in disorder.

And all of Lessø, and Vog, and Lom,
With axes full sharp on their shoulders,
To Bredeboyd in a swarm are gone,
To challenge the Scottish soldiers.

The first shot hit the brave Sinclair right,
He fell with a groan full grievous;
The Scots beheld the good colonel's pligt,
Then said they: "Saint Andrews, receive us!"

And still on the spot stands a statue high,
For the foemen of Norway's discerning;
And woe to him who that statue can spy,
And feel not his spirit burning.

W. S. Walker

Per spelmann

(Music page 142 Sons of Norway Song Book)

||: Per spelmann, han hadde ei einaste ku. :||
 ||: Han bytta burt kua, fekk fela igjen. :||
 "Du gamle, goe fiolin, du fiolin, du fela mil"

||: Per spelmann, han spelte å fela hu låt :||
 ||: så gutarne dansa, og jenterne gråt. :||
 "Du gamle goe fiolin, o.s.v.

||: Å um eg vert gammal som mose på tre :||
 ||: så aldrig eg bytte burt fela i fe. :||
 "Du gamle, goe fiolin, o.s.v.

Per the Fiddler

(Music page 142 Sons of Norway Song Book)

||: Per fiddler he had but the one only cow. :||
 ||: He traded his cow for a fiddle right now. :||
 "My good, old, tuneful violin, my violin, my violin!"

||: Per fiddler then on with his fiddling he kept :||
 ||: The boys kept on dancing, the girls they just wept. :||
 "My good, old, tuneful violin, etc.

||: And if I get old as the moss on the tree :||
 ||: No swapping of fiddle and cattle for me. :||
 "My good, old, tuneful violin, etc.

Vossevangen

(Music page 148 Sons of Norway Song Book)

På Vossevangen, der vil jeg bo,
 der vokser kløver over høie;
 der går hver ungkar med blanke sko,
 og med en sølverknappet trøie;
 der danser jentene med bånd i hår,
 de lange fletninger til jorden når;
 ja tro du mig, jeg sier dig:
 Der er det fagert å leve.

For der står hassel og bjerk og el,
 og der står blåbær i lien,
 og der står geiten så høit på fjell,
 og elven løper forbi en;
 på marken vokser den grønne løk,
 i skogen flyver den ville gjøk;
 ja tro du mig, o.s.v.

Der står en seljepil i dalen trang,
 der bor en hulder bak stene.
 Der faller tiden mig aldri lang,
 selv når jeg sitter alene;
 ti engen dufter og trosten slår,
 og huldren synger mens elven går;
 ja tro du mig, o.s.v.

N. P. Hildebrand

Hør det kaller

(Music page 128 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Hør det kaller, hør det lokker,
 hør det milde sommerbud!
 Boken bort nu! Fot på nakken!
 Nu det går til skogen ut.
 Med den vevre laks i fossen,
 med den viltre gjet på fjell,
 dukker vi i elvedypet,
 springer vi i bakkehell.

P. A. Jensen

Vossevangen

(Music page 148 Sons of Norway Song Book)

'Tis Vossevangen that I will choose,
 And live among the hills of clover,
 There all the boys wear their polish'd shoes,
 And jacket buttons silver'd over.
 Most charming maidens there I always found,
 Their golden braids can almost touch the ground.
 Yes, this is true, I'm telling you,
 'Tis beautiful in Vossevangen.

Upon the hillside are berries sweet,
 'Mid hazel brush, oaks and birches;
 The little goats leap with nimble feet,
 The river through the valley rushes.
 The smell of earth and the sigh of trees,
 And songs of birds float upon the breeze.
 Yes it is true, etc.

Along the water the willows grow;
 A fairy lives over yonder.
 The summer days never seem too slow,
 For ev'ry hour is filled with wonder.
 The water murmurs, the fairy sings;
 And from a thrush a bell-like greeting rings,
 Yes it is true, etc.

Hear It Calling

(Music page 128 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Hear the voice of nature calling.
 'Tis the good old summer time.
 Books aside and get a-going,
 Set your pace for woodland clime,
 Where in brooks the trout is playing
 And the hare roams far and wide.
 There we dive in deepest river,
 Capers cut on steep hillside.

Carl G. O. Hansen

CHRISTMAS SONGS

Sang til Juletreet

(Music page 106 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Du grønne, glitrende tre, god-dag!
Velkommen du som vi ser så gjerne
med julelys under hjemmets tak
og høit i toppen den blanke stjerne!
Ja den må skinne, for den skal minne
oss om vår Gud.

Om Jesus barnet fortalte mor
så mangen aften vi satt derhjemme.
Vi kan hans bud og hans milde ord;
vi vet at vi aldri dem kan glemme.
Når stjernen skinner om ham vi minnes,
vårt juletre.

Glade Jul

(Music page 107 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Glade jul! Hellige jul!
Engler daler ned i skjul!
Hit de flyver med Paradis-grønt,
hvor de ser hvad for Gud er skjønt,
lønlig iblandt oss de går,
lønlig iblandt oss de går.

Julefryd! Evige fryd!
Sange full av himmelsk lyd!
Det var engler som hyrdene så
den gang Jesus i krybben lå.
Evig er englenes sang,
evig er englenes sang.

Jeg synger julekvad

(Music page 108 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Jeg synger julekvad,
jeg er så glad, så glad;
min hjertens Jesus hviler
i stall og krybbe trang;
som sol hin klare smiler
han på sin moders fang.
||: Han er frelser min. :||

O Jesus, du barnlill,
dig lenges jeg så til.
Kom til mig alle sinde,
tred inn om her er smått.
La mig dig se og finne.
Ak, da har jeg det godt.
||: Drag mig op til dig. :||

Deilig er jorden

(Music page 95 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Deilig er Jorden! Prægtig er Guds Himmell!
Skjøn er Sjælens Pilgrimsgang!
Gjennem de fagre Riger paa Jorden
Gaar vi til Paradis med Sang.

Tider skal komme, Tider skal henrulle,
Slægt skal følge Slægters Gang,
Aldrig forstumme Tonen fra Himlen,
I Sjælens glade Pilgrimssang!

Song to the Christmas Tree

(Music page 106 Sons of Norway Song Book)

O green and glittering tree, today
We welcome you with a song of gladness,
With toys and candles in grand display,
Thy beaming star which removes all sadness,
For ever shining and us reminding
About our God.

Thou bringest mem'ries of childhood days,
When mother told us the Christmas story
How Christ, our Savior, by God's own grace,
Was sent on earth to bring peace and glory.
Now bells are ringing and children singing
His praise today.

Silent Night

(Music page 107 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin, mother and child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ the Savior is born,
Christ the Savior is born!

Now Sing We, Now Rejoice

(Music page 108 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Now sing we, now rejoice,
Now raise to heav'n our voice;
Lo! He from whom joy streameth,
Poor in the manger lies;
Yet not so brightly seemeth
The sun in yonder skies,
||: Thou my Savior art. :||

A gift from heav'n to me,
I cannot rise to Thee;
O cheer my wearied spirit,
O pure and holy Child,
Through all Thy grace and merit,
Blest Jesus, Lord most mild,
||: Lead me up to Thee. :||

Beautiful Savior

(Music page 95 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Beautiful Savior, King of Creation,
Son of God, and Son of Man,
Truly I'd love Thee, truly I'd serve Thee,
Light of my soul, my joy, my crown.

Fair are the meadows, fairer the woodlands,
Robed in flowers of blooming spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer;
He makes our sorrowing spirit sing.

O Come, All Ye Faithful

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of Angels:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ, the Lord.

Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above:
Glory to God in the highest, glory!
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ our Lord.

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Onward Christian Soldiers

Onward Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle, see His banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies
With th' angelic host proclaim
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

Christ, by highest heav'n adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the favored one.
Veiled in flesh, the God-head see;
Hail th' incarnate Deity
Pleased, as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"

O Little Town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in Thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His
terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

Sons of Old Norway

(May be used as an opening song; music page 1
Sons of Norway Song Book)

Sons of old Norway assembled to cherish
All that is good which our forefathers gave.
Glories and memories that shall not perish
Give us the urge to be strong and be brave.

Here is our station,
In the new nation,
Here are our homes, here our future shall be.
Willingly, and with sincere adoration,
Give we our brawn to the land of the free.

Carl G. O. Hansen

To Sons of Norway

(May be used as an opening song; music page 92
Sons of Norway Song Book)

To Sons of Norway we will sing
A song of cheer and exultation.
Let it be known throughout the nation
That we are here and treasures bring:
A will to useful undertaking,
To work, promote the nation's making.
||: To this we'll give our brain and brawn,
But choosing to be no man's pawn. :||

The heritage our fathers gave
Us challenges to emulation.
Permit no fear, no intimidation
Deter us from a purpose brave!
Be strong, be kind, and be courageous!
Hold truth and honor advantageous!
||: Thus did our fathers do of yore,
The creed of Norsemen evermore. :||

Carl G. O. Hansen

Ode to America

(Music page 6 Sons of Norway Song Book)

Hail thee, land of plains and mountains
With a million homes,
Storm-swept, sun-kissed, gemmed with fountains,
Crowned with spires and domes!
Land of hope, of homely pleasure,
Land where freemen dwell,
||: Bountiful in wealth and treasure,
More than tongue can tell. :||

Here the Pilgrim Fathers landed,
God's command their guide,
Right of conscience they demanded,
For this lived and died;
Freedom, harried, near to dying,
Here found soaring wings,
||: Filled the world with hope, defying
Tyranny and kings. :||

Hail thee, land of plains and mountains
With a million homes,
Storm-swept, sun-kissed, gemmed with fountains,
Crowned with spires and domes!

Yes, we love thee, bless thee, ward thee,
Glorious native land!
||: God of freedom keep and guard thee,
By His mighty hand! :||

Siver Serumgard

God Bless America

God bless America! Land that I love,
Stand beside her and guide her
Through the night with a light from above!
From the mountains to the prairies,
To the ocean white with foam!
||: God bless America, my home sweet home! :||

America, the Beautiful

O Beautiful, for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain;
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain,
America, America, God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O Beautiful, for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears.
America, America, God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banner make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue!

When war wing'd its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm:
With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew;
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue!

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.
May thy service, united, ne'er sever,
But hold to their colors so true;
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of Auld Lang Syne?

Chorus:

For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet;
For Auld Lang Syne.

We twa ha'e ran about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
We're wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin Auld Lang Syne.

Chorus: For Auld Lang Syne.

We twa ha'e sported i' the burn
Fra morning' sun till dine,
But seas between us braid ha'e roared
Sin Auld Lang Syne.

Chorus: For Auld Lang Syne.

And here's my hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For Auld Lang Syne.

Chorus: For Auld Lang Syne.

Long, Long Ago

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago;
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Now you are come, all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have rovd,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the path where we met,
Long, long ago, long, long ago?
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Then, to all others, my smile you preferr'd,
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word;

Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were rais'd,

Long, long ago, long ago,
You by more eloquent lips have been prais'd,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long, long ago, long ago.
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Old Black Joe

Gone are the days when my heart was young
and gay;

Gone are my friends from the cottonfields away,
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe!"

Chorus:

I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low.
I hear their gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe!"

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?

Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe!"

Chorus: I'm coming . . .

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,

I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe!"

Chorus: I'm coming . . .

Home, Sweet Home

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

Love's Old Sweet Song

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,
Comes love's old sweet song.

Even today we hear love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells forever more,
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we hear it at the close of day;
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.
Just a song at twilight, etc.

Carry Me Back To Old Virginny

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and
taters grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the
springtime,
There's where this old darkey's heart am longed
to go.
There's where I labored so hard for old Massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow corn.
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

Old Folks At Home

Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far
away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ever,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation, sadly I
roam,
Still longing for the old plantation
And for de old folks at home.

Chorus:

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ev'rywhere I roam.
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary
Far from de old folks at home.

All roun' de little farm I wandered
When I was young.
Den many happy days I squander'd
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I.
Oh, take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.
Chorus: All de world . . .

One little hut among the bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a humming,
All roun' de comb?
When will I hear the banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?
Chorus: All de world . . .

Bring Back My Bonnie

My Bonnie is over the ocean,
My Bonnie is over the sea,
My Bonnie is over the ocean.
Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me

Chorus:

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me,
Bring back, bring back,
Oh! bring back my Bonnie to me.

Oh! blow ye winds, over the ocean,
And blow, ye winds, over the sea,
Oh! blow, ye winds, over the ocean
And bring back my Bonnie to me.
Chorus: Bring back, etc.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dream'd that my my Bonnie was dead.
Chorus: Bring back . . .

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea.
The winds have blown over the ocean
And brought back my Bonnie to me.
Chorus: Bring back . . .

Darling Clementine

In a cavern, by a canyon
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter, Clementine.

Chorus:

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling, Clementine,
Thou are lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was, and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine.
Herring boxes without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.
Chorus: Oh, my darling, etc.

Drove she ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine,
Struck her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.
Chorus: Oh, my darling, etc.

How I missed her, how I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine.
But I kissed her little sister
And forgot my Clementine.
Chorus: Oh, my darling, etc.

Happy Days Are Here Again

Happy days are here again,
The skies above are clear again,
Let us sing a song of cheer again,
Happy days are here again!

Altogether shout it now,
There's no one who can doubt it now,
So let's tell the world about it now,
Happy days are here again!

Your cares and troubles are gone;
There'll be no more from now on . . .

Happy days are here again,
The skies above are clear again.
Let us sing a song of cheer again,
Happy days are here again!

Oh' Susanna

I came from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee,
I'm g'wan to Louisiana
My true love for to see.
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death,
Susanna don't you cry.

Chorus:

Oh' Susanna,
Oh' don't you cry for me,
I've come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night
When everything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna
A comin' down the hill.
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye.
Say, I, I'm coming from the South,
Susanna don't you cry.

Chorus: Oh' Susanna, etc.

Polly Wolly Doodle

Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day.
My Sally am a spunky gal,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day.

Chorus:

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well, my fairy fay,
I'm off to Louisiana
For to see my Sussie Anna,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day.

Oh, my Sal, she am a maiden fair,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day,
With laughing eyes and curly hair,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day.

Chorus: Fare thee well, etc.

Oh, I came to a river and I couldn't get across,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day,
An' I jumped on a nigger for I thot he was a
boss.

Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day.

Chorus: Fare thee well, etc.

Oh, a grasshopper sitting on a railroad track,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day,
A-picking his teeth with a carpet tack,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day.

Chorus: Fare thee well, etc.

Three Blind Mice

Three blind mice, three blind mice,
See how they run, see how they run.
They all ran after the farmer's wife.
She cut off their tails with a carving knife.
Did you ever see such a sight in your life
As three blind mice?

Good Night, Ladies

Good night, ladies; good night, ladies;
Good night, ladies!
We're going to leave you now.

Chorus:

Merrily we roll along,
Roll along, roll along.
Merrily we roll along,
O'er the dark blue sea.

Sweet dreams, ladies; sweet dreams, ladies;
Sweet dreams, ladies!

We're going to leave you now.

Chorus: Merrily, etc.

Let Me Call You Sweetheart

Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you;
Let me hear you whisper
That you love me, too.
Keep the love-light glowing
In your eyes so blue;
Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you.

Show Me the Way to Go Home

Show me the way to go home,
I'm tired and I want to go to bed.
I had a little drink, but now it's gone.
It's gone right to my head.
Wherever I may roam,
O'er land or sea or foam,
You'll always hear me singing this song:
Show me the way to go home!

Daisy Bell

Daisy, Daisy,
Give me your answer, do;
I'm half crazy
All for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage;
I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet on a seat
On a bicycle built for two.

My Wild Irish Rose

My Wild Irish Rose,
The Sweetest Flower that grows.
You may look everywhere,
There is none to compare
With My Wild Irish Rose.
My Wild Irish Rose,
The Dearest Flower that grows.
And some day for my sake,
She may let me take
The bloom for my Wild Irish Rose.

My Old Kentucky Home

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n by hard times comes a knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady,
O weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

Home on the Range

O give me a home
Where the buffaloes roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard
A discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.
Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard
A discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.
How often at night
When the heavens are bright
With the light from the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed
And asked as I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours?
Home, home, etc.

Jingle Bells

Dashing through the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way;
Bells on bob-tail ring,
Making spirits bright,
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song to-night!
||: Jingle bells! Jingle bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh! :||

Take Me Out to the Ball Game

Take me out to the ball game,
Take me out to the game,
Buy me some peanuts and cracker-jack,
I don't care if I never get back;
Let me root, root, root for the home team.
If they don't win it's a shame,
For it's one, two, three strikes you're out,
At the old ball game.

Jeepers Creepers

Jeepers Creepers!
Where'd ya get those peepers?
Jeepers Creepers!
Where'd ya get those eyes?
Gosh all git up! How'd they get so lit up?
Gosh all git up! How'd they get that size?
Golly gee! When ya turn those heaters on—
Woe is me! Got to put my cheaters on—
Jeepers Creepers!
Where'd ya get those peepers?
Oh! Those weepers! How they hypnotize!
Where'd ya get those eyes?

When My Dreamboat Comes Home

When my dreamboat comes home,
Then my dreams no more will roam;
I will meet you and greet you,
Hold you closely, "My Own."
Moonlit waters will sing
Of the tender love you bring;
We'll be sweethearts forever,
When my dreamboat comes home.

Hail! Hail! the Gang's All Here

Hail! Hail! the gang's all here,
Never mind the weather,
Here we are together,
Hail! Hail! the gang's all here,
Let the trouble start right now!

"Heigh-Ho"

"Heigh-Ho," "Heigh-Ho," to make your troubles go,
Just keep on singing all day long,
"Heigh-Ho," "Heigh-Ho," "Heigh-Ho,"
"Heigh-Ho," "Heigh-Ho,"
For if you're feeling low,
You positively can't go wrong,
With a "Heigh," "Heigh-Ho," "Heigh-Ho,"
"Heigh-Ho."

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